# WRITING MAGAZINE - a first effort - 1986 Spring

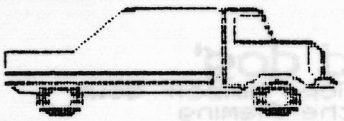
## The Stubborn Lawnmower

I gave it fluid to drink and pulled the string, it choked at first then died. I pressed the little button and it gave a low groan and I pulled the string again and surprise me it gave me an electrical shock. I got a hammer and said "If you don't start I'm going to take you and throw you in a cart." I pulled the string and it groaned and started throwing rocks at the house. I turned the machine and pushed it to cut the grass it so richly deserved.

by
Rob Heinzelman

## Garbage Truck.

The big, ugly mass of material churns its huge teeth as its button is pushed. It crunches greedily on the bits of morels thrown to it. It looms down through the watching neighborhood. Children stop their play to see it stop. Garbage is picked up by men and become helpless victims of the huge



## A Breath of Smoke

Now I lay me down
to rest,
A cloud of smoke upon
my breath,
If I should die before I
wake,
That's one less breath
of smoke
I'll have to take.

As the object hurdles itself toward me I can feel myself clutch. The object doesn't feel pain as it wisks through the air. Only the stick in my hand can save me from this dreadful object I srate right through the object as it tumbles across the plate. I swing my stick but no such luck I miss.

by
Jon
Njus

I really enjoy reading a book. Reading is one of my absolute favorite pastimes. I think waht I enjoy most is the different variety of stories and the absorbment. Such as when you read a book, you tend to relate yourself to the book and really imagine yourself as the protagonist. I like fantasy and futuristic stories best. They help me forget my problems.

Emily Leddick

## Feverish Thoughts

Lying in bed Lionel thought to himself,while he looked out of his bedroom window, why couldn't he go outside and play? All of his other friends were having a great time while he was lying in bed. All he had was a slight fever. If only I were grown up, he thought, then I could do whatever I wanted whenver I wanted. I bet my grandma wouldn't have made my mom stay inside for such a small thing. Oh no. Lionel just had an embarrassing thought. What would he say to his friends? He didn't want to be called a sissy. He decided he would say he didn't feel like playing if his friends asked him where he was.

Andy Lumm

## Contrast #1

Blue
Smooth, cold
rippling, flowing, soothing
music, peace, pain, anger
falling, burning, stinging
sharp, evil
Red.

Kelli Carpenter

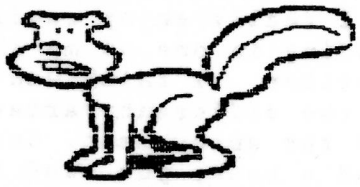
## Contrast #2

The sun so bright
so stunning and light
glowing in the mist of day.
The moon shall come,
all dull and cold
a shadow,
And it's dark again.

Abby Baker

## Sammy Squirrel

is I crawled up the tree to my nest, thought what fun it would be when reach my destination. After I reached my nest, d lye there thinking of the busy day I'd have ahead of me tomorrow. All the nut gathering, running across the road trying to dodge the speeding cars. Then I would have to climb up a wall nto a small crevice where there the acorns were lying. Some were too big to carry, so I would have to grab two of the smaller ones, crawl back down the wall, scurry back across the street up to my nest and then feast. But all that would have to wait until tomorrow.



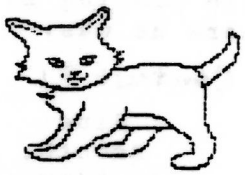
By
David Quick

Daybreak
Alive, bright
Awakened, alerted, refreshed
Birds, dew, sleep, fear
Retiring, depressing, ending
Inactive, remorse
Dusk

By
Kevin Blakley

## Kitty

It walks around like it is the ruler of the house. Whenever you sit down it looks at you and watches every move you make. It likes to rub against your leg. When you pet it, it makes a beautiful humming sound. It stalks the house and keeps watch of it at night. It sleeps during the day like a dead log.



by
Jeff
Dragan

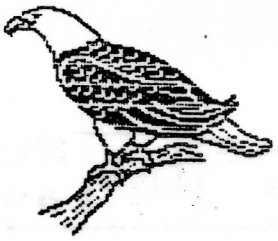
## The Oven

t sneers at me as I make my approach. A sniveling potholder is my only protection against the domineering heat which lies menacingly ahead. I make a grab at it. It scorns my impudence at thinking to outsmart a higher life form. It laughs a hollow laugh as I open the door. The heat lunges at me. I am completely overwhelmed My face begins to heat and I quickly leave. The oven has won another battle and soon another helpless victim will fall prey to its clutches.

Colleen Bos

323 Davis ST.
PawPaw, Mi.

## Dear Larry,



I'm so sorry to hear about Joe. I know how hard it is to lose a pet. My bird, Snow died when my dad stepped on him. It took along time to get dad's foot out of the cage. Hawks are a nuisance anyway. They should be shot. Do you realize how many cute little fuzzy wuzzy mousies they kill? Not to mention all the other fuzzy wuzzy animals. Don't feel bad though. If the hawk died, it was because he wanted to. It wasn't your fault. Well, gotta go. He-Man's on.

Bye,
Kellie

## 'The wise old dog'

With a grunt, he plops himself down
Beside the flaming woodstove
The heat is not too much, for he is cold
His tail wags faster than a speeding bullet
It is enough to knock a 200 lb. man
But it's time for him to leave, It's time for him to leave,
It's time for him to frolic in the frigid outdoors.
He pleads with you, and begs with his eyes.
Can you resist?
It's so tempting just to let him stay in, after all, what harm can he do?
He doesn't want to frolic in the frigid outdoors
Can you blame him?
Ask yourself who's in control?
Look at the form, as lazy and fat as a king
He does as he pleases, while letting you thiink.
That you are in control.
It doesn't matter.
The dog is a sweet old thing, graying with age,
And bursting with the wisdom he has acquired
The dog holds a precious knowledge.
He knows how to make you feel guilty, with out making himself seem crafty or conniving.
It works, too.

Computer typing compliments of Mrs. Dobbs' math students: David Quick, Jennifer Starbuck and especially Janise Overton. Thankyou!

Dear Penelope and Telemachus,

I miss you so much. For ten years I have been trying to reach you.

Alas, the great earthshaker Poseidon continues to torment me and keeps me from you. He continues to literally put monsters in my path.

No matter how many monsters I have to fight, I will reach you.

Yours truly,
Ulysses

(Hutson Tapp)

## If I were in Hiding

I can't imagine being cooped up for twenty-five months in a small area or even a larger area with just my family and friends. I think it would be difficult for quite a few reasons. One, I would hate not being able to socialize with old and new friends. Two, I think I would go insane seeing the same people and wallpaper for so long, day after day after day. Three, I think I would get so fat and restless, I'd lose my will to survive. A fourth reason would be that I am an outdoors person and I couldn't stand being inside for so long a period of time.

Andy Lumm

## My Dog

My dog is like an angry man; he'll stare and he'll scowl as best he can.

But when we're alone, he'll sleep like a cat, he'll sleep still not stirring like a coal-colored wooly mat.

When he awakes he'll know I'll be there. He'll yawn and he'll smile in knowing how greatly I care.

We'll wander the fields we've seen so much before, then rest momentarily and wander some more.

We'll run and we'll play, we'll stop, pant, and sway, waiting for years in a heap. Soon we'll just drift off, my dog and I, in a beautiful, endless sleep.

Chris Griffiths

Dear Ulysses,

How have you been in the last twenty years? I hope you are still alive. I want you to come home.

There are about one hundred suitors at our castle and they would all like to marry me. They are getting very impatient and would like me to decide who it is I am going to marry.

The suitors are staying here in our castle, eating our food, drinking our wine and using our furniture as firewood. They are also keeping our son Telemachus captive because he doesn't want me to marry.

We need you here.

love,

Penelope

(Jennifer Sommerfelt)

## Red

Red is the color of Santa's cheeks
Red is the color some people's hai
Red is the color of my favorite chair.
Red is the color of a cold face.
Red is the color of how you feel i
a school race.

Tonya Offord

## Spaghetti and I

Spaghetti eating really is an art. It is an art because it actually has five rules and five steps to make it correct. The first step is to get a plate and put a pile of spaghetti on it. The second step is to cover the pile with sauce and parmesan chees First rule is never take more than you want. The next step is to twirl some spaghetti on to your fork. Second rule is alawys twirl iton your fork, never slurp it up. The fourth step is to get some garlic bread and soak up the sauce. Third rule, don't use too much garlic; it makes you sick. Fourth rule, never lick your plate clean. The fifth and final step, wash your plate off and put it away. Fifth and

and final rule is always wash your dish or put it in the dishwasher These are the steps and rules to good spaghetti eating.

Amy Tarala

## So Are My People

The day is beautiful
And so are my people.

The song is cheerful
And so are my people.

The sound is quiet
And so are my people.

Denise McClanahan

## Seals

Seals
Swims, dives
Lazily sits
Eating fish every day.
Sleeps with their children in big herds.
Swimmers.

Jenny Bergeson

## What Can I Do?

I can see the people dying
They're losing all known hope.
I can see the children crying
There's no way to cope.
I can see America trying
To save our neighborhood friend.
I can see our supplies flying
But it isn't enough at the other end.
I can see their government lying
Saying it isn't true.
I can see rich people sighing
Asking " What can I do?"
But with all that I can see
It just doesn't seem
To help those in need.

Joy Stoner

## My Yadduct

My yadduct's name is Particillthe-time. P. likes to stay up at night. It never sleeps. Its job is to shake me every morning when it's time to get up.

Particillthetime has a purple body and a silver head with a red light on top. She has two blue eyes and red small lights that go half way around the bottom of her head. She moves on wheels that are at the bottom of her legs. She has two kind-of-like hands. They're made so that she could hold on to things. They're silver-colored.

She is a member of the robot family and likes to be around people . She is a lot of fun.

Michelle Knapp

## Midnight Horror Story

As the moonlight creeps through the darkness, I hear the sudden howl of the beast of the night. I shake and shiver, horrified at his presence. I hear the crack of the twigs. Something is moving closer and closer.

Everything close in on me. I am stiff with shock as I see the glowing eyes ofthe beast of the night- no more than a foot from me. I gasp.

Clint Merchant

## Thoughts in Class

"William Penndle, will you please not doze on the desk during class?" The teacher bellowed.

As usual William slipped into his own 3-D movie theater during math. Why does he always wake me up during a popsicle William asked himself as he wiped his red mop out of his eyes. That red mop was what the kids teased him about. He was going to show them, he vowed, but right now all he worried about was getting his math assignment. That's it. Who cares about the assignment? I'm going to be a fisherman and I don't need education to do that,he thought.

Suddenly the bell rang and he found himself wondering if he could finish his popsicle in English.

Matt Forster

## Blue

Blue reminds me of the sky.
Blue reminds me of the times
I cry.
Blue is the sea and the ocean breeze.
Blue is the cold that makes me sneeze.
Blue is also the great joy.
A beautiful little baby boy.

Andrea Dillon